A DREAM. WH. ALLINGHAM.

I heard a dog howl in the moonlight night, And I went to the window to see the sight; All the dead that ever I knew Going one by one, and two by two,

On they passed, and on they passed; Townsfellows all, from first to last; Born in the moonlight of the lane, And quenched in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we played At soldiers once, but now more staid; Those were the strangest sight to me Who were drowned, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folks, bent and weak. too;
And some that I loved and gasped to speak to;
Some but a day in their churchyard bed,
And some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd, where each seemed lonely, And yet of them all there was one, one only, That raised a head or looked my way,

And she seemed to linger, but might not stay. On, on, moving brigde they made Across the moon stream, from shade to shade; Young and old, women and men; Many long forgot, but remembered then.

And first there came a bitter laughter, And a sound of tears a moment after; An i then a mesic, softly and gay, That every morning, day by day, I strive to recall it if I may.

OLD POPPLEWELL'S WILL.

It was a great shock to the feelings of Mr. Silas Popplewell to discover that his father had bequeathed a legacy of £2000 to his house-keeper, a certain Mrs. Draycott. The woman had entered the old man's service only about a year before his death, and if there had been anything remarkable in her demeanor toward him, it consisted rather of scant courtesy and want of attention. She had never apparently made the slightest attempt to ingratiate herself with her master, who, on his part, had always seemed to regard his attendant with calm indifference. But Silas felt doubly aggrieved because his father had scrupulously concealed from him that he had made a will, leaving him to believe that he was bound to inherit everything as next to an heir-at-law.

Silas Popplewell came across the will quite unexpectedly while going through the old man's papers a few hours after his decease. The document appeared to be perfectly legal, and had evidently been prepared by a solicitor, whose name was appended as one of the witnesses to the testator's signature. Except the legacy of the house-keeper, it left everything to Silas Popptewell, and appointed him sole executor. Considering that old Joseph Popplewell was reputed to be a wealthy man, most persons in Silas' position would not have suffered the unexpected legacy to disturb their equanimity. But Silas Popplewell was one of those mean, grasping, avaricious individuals who cannot bear the thought of losing anything. He considered he was both legally and morally entitled to the whole of his father's property, and regarded the legacy to Mrs. Draycott as a fraud upon his just rights. He was, therefore, overwhelmed with rage and disappointment, and worked himself into a perfect fever of virtuous indignation.

In the midst of his tribulations, it suddenly occurred to him that but for the sheet of paper which he held in his hand he would be a richer man by two thousand pounds sterling. This eminently practical view of the situation aroused his worst passions, and he soon found kimseif wondering what would probably happen if the will were not forthcoming. Supposing for instance, he were to leave the document where he found it and say nothing to anybody! The chances were, he thought, that the house-keeper would believe the testator had revoked it, assuming she had ever been aware of its existence; while it was quite possible, considering his late father's habitual reticence concerning his affairs, that the woman suspected pothing. If the worst har pened, and a hue and cry were raised. the will could be conveniently found; or better still, who could gainsay him if he were to declare boldly that his father had deliberately destroyed the will in his presence?

Such insidious reflections as these are apt to blunt a man's moral perceptions, especially when he is laboring under a keen sense of injustice. Silas Popplewell's standard of morality was not a high one, and he would any day sooner have done a shabby trick than to lose a sixpence. The consequence was that after a very little hesitation he yielded to an uncontrallable impulse, and consigned the obnoxious will to the

When the paper was reduced to askes Silas suddenly awoke to the fact that he had committed a felony and rendered himself liable to penal servitude. He turned deadly pale when he thought of a moment was inclined to repent of what he had done. But when he reflected that his wicked act had not been witnessed by any mortal eyes, while the only evidence of his guilt-the charred papers-was rapidly disappearing up the chimney, he soon recovered his spirits. Having waited patiently until there was no longer any trace left even strong box in which he had found it and | shaking and some murmurs. left the room, feeling tolerably easy in

his mind. Nothing occurred during the next few days to arouse Silas Popplewell's apprehensions, and as he was not troubled late himself upon the decisive step he had taken. The housekeeper went about her duties as usual, and did not her master had left a will or not, from isfaction that she knew nothing about her legacy. He could not refrain, however, from watching her furtively, knowing what he did of his father's intentions towards her. She was a vulgar, illiterate, elderly woman, singuapparently not possessed of much in-telligence. While striving in vain to This information account for his father's extraordinary predilection for her as manifested by his will, Silas was struck by an expression luckless Silas, who, pale and trembling, of determination on the woman's face realized that his triumph was dearly

thought Silas, and he chuckled at the and so he died," cried she, speaking unfamous scheme

When the day of the funeral arrived Silas felt strangely nervous and uncomfortable. He was very much upset by the unexpected number of mourners, the mere fact of having to provide gloves and crape on such an extended scale being sufficient to cause him serious vexation. Old Joseph Popplewell was a man of very humble origin, having, in fact, commenced life as a common laborer, and Silas scarcely knew any of his father's relatives. Several of these his hand. turned up, however, without being invited, and Silas resented their presence very much, not only because he was not anxious to claim kinship with them, but because they would no doubt make particular inquiries about the destination

of the old man's property.

It is to be feared that Silas suffered his mind to wander a good deal from his But he has been false to me as he was old father's obsequies.

He may have had a soft corner in his heart for the old man's memory, but nervousness and apprehension rendered it inaccessible on this occasion. The solemn words of the burial service fell unheeded on his ear, for his mind was had died intestate. His newly discovered kindsmen were a painfully vulgar and coarse-minded set, and several fragments of conversation referring to his father's supposed testamentary intentions had reached him. The idea that the old man had left a will had seemed as general as the extravagant notion that each iadividual monrner had been named in it. Though he was guiltless as far as they were all concerned Silas Popplewell being sgitated and unnerved, shrank from the task of answering their inquiries; while he was seized with sudden terror lest the housekeeper should take the opportunity to give utterance to unpleasant suspicion.

When the mourners returned to the house, Mrs. Draycott was standing by the fire-place in the sitting room conversing with a prim, professional-looking gentleman, who, on perceiving Silas, advanced to meet him, rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Popplewell, I believe," he said,

with a slight bow. "Yes," replied Silas, uneasily.

"You will doubtless know my name when I mention it," replied the other; 'I am Mr. Reeves, of Gray's Inn Square.

Silas turned very white and his kness trembled for Mr. Reeves was the solicitor who had witnessed the execution of his father's will.

"I-I beg your pardon," he said fal-teringly; "I think there must be some mistake. I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"I imagined your housekeeper wrote to me by your instructions," said the solicitor, slightly embarrassed and glaneing at Mrs. Draycott.

"I wrote because the late Mr. Popplewell told me to in case you did not," said the woman, looking towards Silas, defiantly. "He wished the will to be read at the funeral." "Will! what will?" exclaimed Silas,

with feigned surprise; and then he added, as though bracing his nerves for the ordeal: "Pray be seated, gentlemen, and take a glass of wine and a biscuit." Each person selected a chair and subsided into it with a good deal of shuffling of feet and coughing, but no one ac cepted the proffered hospitality. The

dead silence which ensued indicated breatbless interest and excitement. "My father has left no will," asseverated Silas, taking up his position on the hearth-rug and endeavored to speak

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Popplewell," said Mr. Reeves, politely, but firmly: "Your father executed a will in my presence which I prepared for him about a year ago. He certainly has left a will-unless, of course, he has destroyed or otherwise revoked it."

"The will is locked up in the iron box in the study," interposed Mrs. Draycott, with decision.

"I repeat that my father has left no will," cried Silas, aug ily. "Any one is at liberty to search the iron box if he likes. As Mr. Reeves suggests, my father destroyed the will."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the housekeeper, excitedly. "Why, I saw it with my own eyes not a month ago."
"When did he destroy it? Who seed im do it?" inquired a voice from among the mourners.

"He destroyed it in my presence last-let me see—last Thursday week, I fetched it at his request from the iron box, and he put it in the fire of his own free will," said Silas, lying glibly.

Though affecting to recall the date promisenously, Silas had been careful to prepare this story beforehand. On the day named he had sat with his father alone for more than an hour during the this disagreeable contingency, and for afternoon while Mrs. Draycott had been sent out on an errand. If the deceased had intended to destroy the will he would probably have got the woman out of the way on a similar pretence, and the suggestion was plausible enough. The housekeeper gave a palpable start, and was evidently impressed by the coincidence, but among the rest of the audience there was a general expression of inof the ashes of the will, he locked up the | credulity, with a good deal of head-

"Well, gentlemen, I must say that Mr. Popplewell's account is perfectly straightforward," interposed the lawyer, who, whatever his private opinions might have been, probably thought it with a conscience he began to congratu- prudent as a matter of business to side with Silas, "Testators frequently re-The housekeeper went voke their wills in the manner described. If it is any consolation to you, seem to trouble her head whether gentlemen, I may mention that as far as you are concerned the existence of the which Silas gathered with heartfelt sat- will would have made no difference to

Will you tell us, Mr. Lawyer, who will get the money, supposing what Mr. Silas says is true," inquired a voice in an

aggrieved tone. Mr. Popplewell will inherit everylarly devoid of personal attraction, and thing as next of kin and heir-at-law." re

This information elicited a loud chorus of indignation, and many insulting epithets were leveled at the head of the which seemed to indicate a desperate | bought, even at the price of £2000. Sudcharacter. He began to suspect that denly the strident tones of Mrs. Drayshe had forged the will by the aid of ac- cott became audible above the uproar,

cor plices, and was waiting with c lm- and compelled attention.

ness the issue of her machinations. If the old villain has broke faith me, so, she was doomed to disappointment, and a sneaking scoundrel he always was,

der strong excitement. longer bound to keep his secret, and I won't. I say, Bill Allen!" she exclaimed, appealing to one of the mourners. "you ought to know me, though it's thirty years and more since I was supposed to have died. You recollect Poll Saunders that old Joe Popplewell married when he was working at the railway down

Liverpool way?" "Why, surely!" ejaculated the indi-vidual referred to. "Aye, it's Poll, sure enough!" he added, shading his eyes with

"I was his lawful wife, Mr. Reoves, and he knew it," she explained, turning to the astonished solicitor. "He deserted me years ago and married a lady -Mr. Silas' mother. I found him out again by accident quite recently, and promised to keep his secret on condition that he would provide for me by his will. years ago, and now I won't keep silence any longer."

"This is most serious," said the solicitor, turning to Silas, who stood aghast with horror and amazement, "if thisthis lady can prove her marriage.'

"Oh! I have proofs. I took care of that," interposed the "soi-disant" Mrs. disturbed by the prospect of having to that," interposed the "soi-disant" Mrs. explain to his relatives that his father Draycott, drawing an oblong slip of paper from her bosom and handing it to the lawyer, "Read that and look at what I made him sign on the back."

"It is a marriage certificate," said Mr. Reeves, glancing at it; and turning it over he read aloud as follows:

I, Joseph Popplewell, do acknowledge that my housekeeper, Mrs. Draycott, is my lawful wife, which I married under the name of Mary Saunders in 18-, and I. Mary Popplewell, or Draycott, do swear that if my husband, hereby Joseph Popplewell, leaves me £2000 by his will, I will keep his marriage secret.

"This extraordinary document purports to be signed by both parties," adde I the lawyer, handling the paper reverently, "and I must say that upon the face of it, taken in conjunction with the certificate, it appears to be incontestible evidence.

"Who gets the money now, then?" demanded the same person wno had asked the question before.

"Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say that Mr. Silas Popplewell being unfortunately for himself, 'nullius filius,' or illegitimate, can inherit nothing," plied Mr. Reeves. "The estate will, therefore, be divided between the lawful widow of the deceased and his next of kin, according to the statute."

The excitement of the audience at this announcement found vent in a hoarse cheer, in the midst of which poor Silas sank into a chair in a half fainting condition. He now understood-too late, alas! -what had caused his father suddenly to make a will, and he was also keenly conscious of the fact that having borne witness to its alleged revocation, it was out of the question to endeavor to set it up He was aroused from his bitter again. reflections by the touch of the housekeeper upon his shoulder.

"Cheer up, my lad," she said roughly, but not unkindly. "I did not know it would be so bad for you as this, and I don't pity you less because I suspect you've brought it on yourself. Now, I won't make any rash promise, because I don't know how much money I'm going to get. But you shall have the £2000 you grudged to me, even if I don't receive a farthing more.

Artificial Eyebrows bewed to the Skin.

At a certain factory yesterday a number of young women were working at a small table, each table covered with small instruments and things, the likes of which I had never seen before. At one table two girls were threading needles with fine, silky hair, and sewing them in little squares on thin, transparent gauze.

"Those girls," said the professor, "are making some of those beautiful arched eyebrows you may some time see in ball rooms. These sewed on the net are the less expensive kind, and are only used on special occasions. The real brow is very expensive, and can only be made by a person of great skill." I begged him to explain the operation of giving a person eyebrows who was born without them, and, leading me into an elegantly furnished parlor in which was a large dentist's chair, he continued:-

"The patient sits here. In this cushion to my left are stuck a score or so of those needles you saw being threaded. Each stitch only leaving two strands of hair, to facilitate the operation a number of needles must be at hand. As each thread of bair is drawn through the skin over the eye it is cut so that when the first stage of the operation is over it leaves the hairs bristling out an inch or so, presenting a ragged, porcupine appearance. Now comes the artistic work. The brows must be arched and cut down with the utmost delicacy, and a number of hours is required to do it."

"It must be very painful and tedi-

"They don't say that it is a picnic excursion," laughed the Professor, "but eye-brows, small as they are, are very important in the make-up of the face. You have no idea how odd one looks when utterly denuded of bair over the The process I have described is painful, but it makes good eye-brows and adds one hundred per cent. to the looks of a person who was without them. It is, too, much better than the blackening and cosmetics so many people use, especially people who have mere presence of brows comprising only a few

"Do your sewed-throug-the-skin eyebrows last?" "For years."

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success.
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